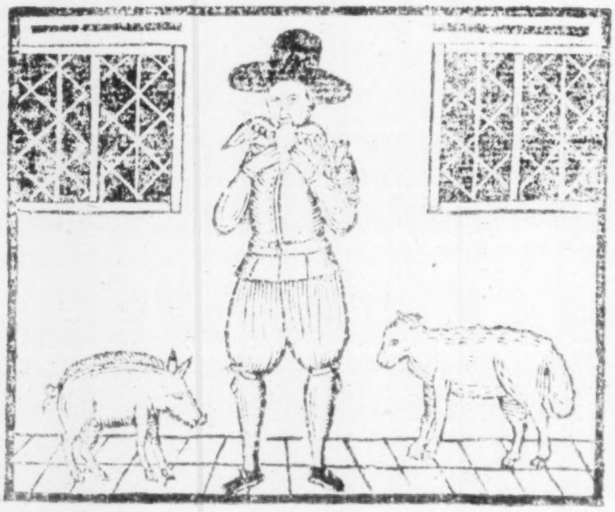
A wonder in *Kent*:

Of the admirable ſtomacke of one *Nicholas Wood*, dwelling at *Harriſom* in the County of *Kent*.

The like of him was neuer heard,
As in this Ditty is declar'd.
To the tune of, *The maunding Souldier*.



ALL you that iolly fellowes be,
I pray giue eare a while to me,
I tell you of a Champion bold,
That fights not for the fame of gold,
but for good belly cheare,
as well it doth appeare,
the like whereof you nere did heare.
none may with him compare,
as I will here declare,
the like liues not I dare to ſweare.

In Kent this fellow now doth liue,
At Harriſom as report doth giue,
His Name is called Nicholas Wood,
As I for truth haue vnderſtood,
well knowne by men of fame,
his worth and name,
that well can teſtifie the ſame,
ſome Gentlemen and Knights,
to ſatiſfie delights,
haue ſent for Wood to ſee his ſleights.

He is not like theſe puling ones,
[illegible] an houre picking bones,
A Sheepe or Calfe thats worth a Marke,
On them hee'le brauely fall to worke,
or if a Hogge it be,
all's one quoth he,
in one houres ſpace [illegible],
his ſtomacke is ſo ſtrong,
nothing will doe him wrong,
the Deuill is ſure his guts among.

What talke I of a Sheepe or Calfe,
And theſe exploits are not halfe,
A Hogge a thing that much will eate,
Fiſh, Fleſh, Fowles, Frogges, or ſuch like meat,
yet Wood is of ſuch power,
that he within an houre
a good fat Hogge he did deuoure,
his like was neuer none
as plainely may be ſhowne,
not one like him was euer knowne.

After that he had eat this Hogge,
I doe not meane to lye nor cogge,
Three pecks of Damſons he did eat,
For to digeſt his ſwiniſh meat,
Another time beſide,
he being tride:
ſeuen dozen of Rabbets he deſtroy'd,
likewiſe he tooke in hand,
to eat a Fleath of Bacon
as ſoone as from the Hogs twas taken,

At Sir William Sidleyes houſe he eat,
As men of credit doe repeat,
As much as thorowly would ſuffice,
Full thirty men, Oh gurmandize,
but then vnto the fire,
he did retire,
and for ſome greaſe he did deſire,
thinking his belly he
would breake immediately
vnleſſe he had ſpeedy remedy,

A quarter of a good fat Lambe,
And three ſcore Egges he ouercame,
And eighteene yards of blacke pudding,
And a raw Ducke all but Bill and Wing,
and after he had din'd,
as I doe find,
he longed for Cherries [illegible]
[illegible] pound they brought,
which he [illegible] get,
a thing impoſſible [illegible],

His mighty paunch [illegible],
Sheepe, Hogges or Calues, [illegible] Ball,
A paunch it is [illegible],
And Cucumbers [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] he bides
all kind of fruits that him betides
Cheeſe, Buttermilke and Whay,
he bringeth in that way,
thus he brings [illegible] to [illegible],

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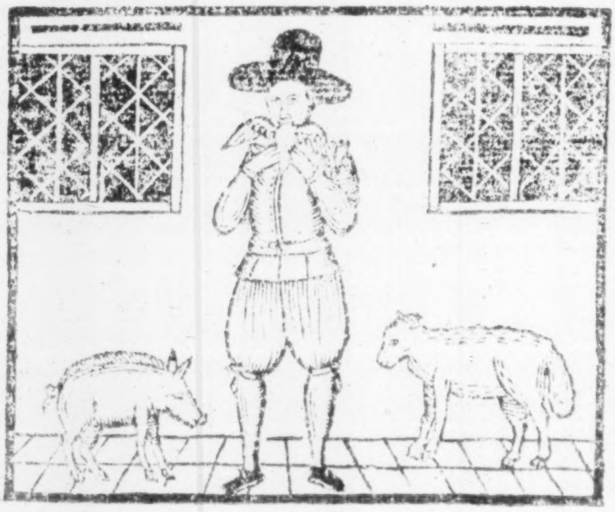

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He is not like theſe puling ones,
[illegible] ſits an houre picking bones,
A Sheepe or Calfe thats worth a Marke,
On them hele preſently fall to worke,
or if a Hogge it be,
all's one quoth he,
in one houres ſpace you ſoone ſhall ſee,
his ſtomacke is ſo ſtrong,
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A quarter of a good fat Lambe,
And threeſcore Egges he ouercame,
And eighteene yards of blacke pudding,
And a raw Ducke all but Bill and Wing,
and after he had din'd,
as I doe find,
he longed for Cherries ẏ brought in Glaſſe
the fifteene pound they brought,
which he confeſſe he could not get,
a thing impoſſible we thought,

His mighty paunch doth hold them all,
Sheepe, Hogges or Calues, its like a Hall,
[illegible]
And Cucumbers [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] he bides
all kind of fruits that him betides
Cheeſe, Buttermilke and Whey,
he bringeth in that way,
thus he brings [illegible]

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

The Norfolke Dumpling he ore came,
The Devonſhire white-pot he made (came
The bag-pudding of Gloceſter
The blackepudding of Worſterſhire,
the Shrop-ſhire pan-pudding,
and ſuch gutting,
and Somerſetſhire white-pudding,
or any other Shire,
their puddings neede not feare
none may to Nicholas Wood compare:

Two Clothiers that in Kent doe dwell,
In Suſſex of this man did tel,
To ſome o th chiefeſt yeomen there,
Who greatly muſed when they did heare,
and often preſently
that they would lay,
a hundred pound of good money,
that he could not devoure,
a whole calfe in an houre,
they thought it was not in his power:

The wager thus betwixt them laid,
The Suſſex men grew ſore afraid,
And of their match they did repent,
Deſiring that they might recant,
the Kentiſh men did ſay,
that they ſhould pay,
ten pounds or ſtand the match and day,
then ſo they did agree,
and ſpent it merrily,
but Wood miſt of their company.

A Gentleman by chance did come,
Where friends of his was in the roome
And they were all at dinner ſet,
But he knew them ſate not a bit,
when the reckoning was paid,
the tapſter ſaid
that twelve pence more muſt be deſraid,
by him that laſt came in,
which had not at dinner bin
Whereat the Gentleman in ſpleene.

Did pay the ſame and ſaid no more,
But after plagued them therefore,
Another time he did come there,
And brought Wood with him to a faire
then to the Inne he went,
whereas he ſpent,
a ſhilling once by ill conſent
and telling Wood his mind,
being thus inclin'd,
to call much meat & leave Wood behind

Some diſhes quickly let be brought
As much good meat as may be thought
To ſuffice a dozen men,
The drawer quickly ſent it in
come ſit downe Wood quoth he,
and ſtay for me,
for ſome more of our company,
but ere hee came agen,
the tapſter he came in
thinking the devill there had ben.

The tapſter did his Miſtris call,
And ſaid the man had eat up all,
Then into th' roome ſhe came with ſpeed,
And found the ſame was true indeed,
then ſhe began to ſweare
and pull and teare
with Wood for money for his fare
and he ſaid he was willing
to pay her downe a ſhilling
he ſilled her for former dealing.

Two Citizens from London went,
To ſee this Wood was their intent,
And being come to Harriſom,
They ſent for him into the roome,
for all the victuals they
did call and pay,
that was within the houſe that day,
and wiſhed goodman Wood,
to fall unto his food
I marry quoth he that is good.

These Citizens found him to be,
So ſtrange the like they nere did ſee,
Deſiring him that he would goe,
To London, he refuſed ſo,
then at the laſt he ſaid,
he was afraid
the ſame to'th King ſhould be bewraid,
and ſo he hang'd might be,
therefore this thought had he,
tis beſt ſtaying in Kent for me.

His porrige bowle is full two pecks,
He is not of the weakeſt ſort,
Oate Ale graines ſome times he doth eate,
For want of other ſort of meat,
I doe not tell no lye.
thoſe that will further try,
a booke of him likewiſe may buy,
where much more is declared,
as I have read and heard
none like to him may be compared.

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